

SHINING TIME STATION (w.t.)

EPISODE #8
(UNTITLED)

Working Draft
By Ellis Weiner

Revised 4/12/88

From characters and series storyline
created by Britt Allcroft and
Rick Siggelkow

(FADE IN.)

(MAIN SET-- STACY, MATT, TANYA DOING MAINTANENCE WORK:
STACY MOPPING FLOOR NEAR PLATFORM ARCH, (MOP, BUCKET),
MATT POLISHING BENCHES (CANS OF POLISH, RAGS), TANYA
BUFFING TICKET BOOTH (ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS STANDS ON
LEDGE)).

TANYA

I can't believe we have to do this.

STACY

Do what, Tanya? Clean up the
station?

TANYA

Yeah. I mean, why? People are
just gonna come in and mess it up
again.

STACY

I wish they would. Business has
been terrible lately.

MATT

I never saw people cleaning train
stations. I thought they just
sort of stayed clean
automatically.

STACY

Like by magic?

TANYA

Hey, that's a good idea!

(CROSSES TO STATION HOUSE.)

TANYA (cont'd)

Mr. Conductor? Could you come out
and clean, please?

MR. C. (O.S.)

What does it look like I'm doing,

Miss Tanya?

(ANGLE ON TOP OF ARCH: MR. C. IS SUSPENDED IN MID
AIR--OR, STANDING ON SOME WOODWORK--CLEANING THE CREST
ABOVE THE ARCH ("1835-1935"), WITH A TOOTHBRUSH WHICH
MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE YET. TANYA GOES OVER.)

TANYA

I mean clean the whole station.

By magic.

MR. C.

I don't use magic for cleaning.

It doesn't reach those

hard-to-get-at places.

MATT

What do you use instead?

MR. C.
(holds it up)

A toothbrush. It's quite effective.

— explain

Since Mr. C can do magic,
let's get him to ~~magically~~
clean the whole station
by magic.

STACY

I still vote for magic.

Otherwise, I need clean water.

(SHOVES BUCKET INTO PLAIN VIEW.)

STACY (cont'd)

This batch has had it.

(SHE GOES TO WRONG DOOR, SIGHS, AND OPENS IT--).

(INSERT: "FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES" SCENE FROM
GOTTERDAMMER-RUNG-- BRUNHILDE IN HORNS, TURBULENT
MUSIC. A BEAT, THEN--).

STACY

Sorry. Wrong door.

(SCHEMER ENTERS BRISKLY. THEN HE STOPS DEAD.)

SCHEMER

Nice tune. I always liked that
song. Look at this place! What a
mess!

STACY

That's why we're cleaning up,
Schemer. Remember, this station
hasn't been used in a long time.

SCHEMER

~~Who cares about the station?~~ I ~~spatter~~ ^{spatter} ~~mean~~ all these buckets and mops
and rags. Yuk!

*Whether Shining Time
Station is shiny
clean or not.*

MATT

The people who come to ride the
trains care about the station.

TANYA

So do the people who get off here.

SCHEMER

Matt...Tanya... You're a fine
couple of youngsters. But do me a
favor-- do your little cleanup
jobs, but don't kid yourselves,
okay? The only important thing
around here is the Arcade.

STACY

(laughs; incredulous)

Oh, come on, Schemer. Even you
don't believe that.

SCHEMER

Keep laughing, Stace. But you
know why business has been so bad
lately? ^{No advertising} Promotion. We're not
^{doing commercials for} pushing the one decent attraction
we have. Entertainment!

STACY

What about the trains?

*Promotion is too difficult
for young viewers*

SCHEMER

They're history.

(HE WALKS AROUND THE STATION, GESTURES TO MURAL.)

SCHEMER (contk'd)

I mean, all this stuff -- wagons
west, Davy Crockett, fifteen years
on the Erie Canal -- who needs
it?!

(STOPS AT ARCH; SEES CREST; POINTS.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Wait a minute. Who cleaned that?

MATT

I did.

TANYA

I did.

STACY

I did.

SCHEMER

Then how come the ladder's not
out? This place is haunted.

(INSERT: MR. C. ON FLOOR, SHOVES BUCHET INTO SCHEMER'S
PATH.)

SCHEMER (con't)

Anyway, I'm telling ya: travel is over. People all got where they wanted to go. Now they want to have fun. That's why they come here -- for the Arcade--.

(HE STEPS TOWARD ARCADE, AND PUTS FOOT IN BUCKET, YELLS.)

STACY

You're lucky I haven't done that part of the floor yet, Schemer.

SCHEMER

Lucky? Tell that to my shoe!

(PULLS OUT FOOT; START FOR "STREET").

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Listen. I've got big plans for this place. Business is gonna triple. Cleaning up is kid's / stuff. I mean , no offense, kids, I love ya. But let's remember who's really important around here.

(HE SLOSHES OUT. STACY RETRIEVES BUCKET.)

STACY

Now I really need clean water.

(SHE TAKES BUCKET AND EXITS OUT TO PLATFORM.)

MATT

Cleaning up isn't kid's stuff.

(MR. C. APPEARS AT STATION HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Charming bloke, that Schemer.

TANYA

He said what we are doing isn't
important.

MR. C.

Nonsense. In a job like this,
there are big things to do and
little things to do. But they're
all important -- because they all
help bring the station back to
life. It reminds me of the fuss
the ^{big tender engines} tenders made when ^{little} Thomas left
the main line to work with Annie
and Clarabelle.

MATT

What are tenders?

*They thought they were
too big to do the
little jobs that needed to be done*

MR. C.

That's right, you don't know, do
you? Tenders are engines that
have their own coal car attached
right behind them. Sometimes they
like to put on airs -- well,
you'll see.

word play

vocabulary

(DISSOLVE TO THOMAS EPISODE #15 -- "TENDERS AND
TURNTABLES".)
(DISSOLVE TO MAIN SET -- MATT AND TANYA UNDER STATION
HOUSE AS BEFORE.)

TANYA

What does that mean -- "go on
strike"?

MR. C.

got together and all
It means they [^]refused to work. -- *until things were changed*
they got what they wanted

MATT

I wish Schemer would go on strike.

eh?

(WE HEAR SCHEMER ENTERING BUSILY. MR. C. NOTES IT
TOO.)

MR. C.

Not much chance of that, I'm
afraid.

(-- AND HE DISAPPEARS.)

TANYA

Wait--!

(SCHEMER ENTERS, ARMS FULL OF ROLLED-UP POSTERS AND
TAPE.)

SCHEMER

Wait what. Who is she talking to?

MATT

Uh--me! She wants me to wait.

(TO DISTRACT HIM; FAKE ENTHUSIASM.)

MATT (cont'd)

Gee, what's all that neat stuff,
Schemer?

SCHEMER

(as he puts down all but one)

Matthew, my lad, this is: the
future. With the proven
techniques of modern advertising,
I am going to drag this place into
the 20th century. Voila!

(HE IS HOLDING ONE POSTER, STILL ROLLED UP. HE LETS
IT FALL OPEN, TO REVEAL: VISIT THE ARCADE--THREE FEET
AHEAD.)

MATT

"Visit the arcade, three feet
ahead." Gee, that's...uh --

TANYA

It's the dumbest thing I ever saw
in my whole entire life.

(SCHEMER GLARES AT HER, THEN, PHONY-NICE, AS HE
GATHERS UP ALL THE POSTERS--).

SCHEMER

It's good, the way you feel free
to express yourself, Tan. I like
that. I like that a whole bunch.

(HE TURNS AND GOES TO MURAL, DROPS POSTERS, AND TAPES
(PINS?) ONE OVER THE MURAL. HE CONTINUES UNDER--).

MATT

Hey, what are you doing?

SCHEMER

Like I said, Matt. Advertising.
Wanna help?

MATT

No!

SCHEMER

Absolutely right. Why should you
help the other guy make a buck, if
there's nothing in it for you? So
here's the deal--

(HE APPROACHES MATT WITH TWO POSTERS, AND HOLDS THEM UP TO MATT'S FRONT AND BACK, AS THOUGH ON SANDWICH BOARDS.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

How about you wear these out on
the street. Just walk back and
forth, maybe yell "Check it out"
every two minutes. How's a penny
sound?

*aloud
read what it says*

(OFF MATT'S HEAD-SHAKE.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Two cents. One for each side.

MATT

Schemer, forget it.

SCHEMER
(to Tanya)

He's tough. I like that. Okay.
A nickel.

MATT

No! These posters are awful!

an idea

(SCHEMER DROPS THEM AND CROSSES TO JUKEBOX, UNDER--).

SCHEMER

Ah, never mind. Why should I give
you a nickel when I can give it to
myself? Gotta have some music for

*to play a song
by putting it in my machine, and getting it out
later*

gotta

SCHEMER (cont'd)

this job. What's a good ^{song} number
for putting up posters. . . How
about "Pop Goes the Weasel". . .

TANYA

What's that got to do with posters?

SCHEMER

(losing patience; with an edge)

Nothing. I happen to like "Pop
Goes the Weasel." Is that all
right with you?

(OFF TANYA'S PHONY-SUNNY SMILE AND NOD.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

All right. Now everybody just
relax. We'll listen to "Pop Goes
the Weasel" and maybe have a few
laughs. On me.

(HE PUTS NICKEL IN THE BOX. CUT TO.)

(INT. JUKEBOX -- THE PUPPETS ARE IN PLACE.)

BASS

You're wrong, hon. There are nine.

PIANO

No, no, I'm sure there are eight.

TEX

What is this all about, Rex?

TEX

Thank you, Rex.

REX

You're welcome, Tex.

BASS

Look, count 'em, there are nine;

Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars--

PIANO

Earth?

BASS

Of course, Earth! What do you
think?

PIANO

I don't know. . . I guess I never
thought of Earth as being a planet
before, that's all. I always
thought of it as. . . you know. .
home.

DRUMS

You guys ready to play Pop Goes
the Weasel, or what?

(SFX: MUSIC UP, AS THEY START PLAYING.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: MUCH OF THE MURAL IS NOW COVERED WITH POSTERS. CONSPICUOUSLY UNCOVERED IS THE STATION HOUSE. SCHEMER STANDS UNDER IT AND THINKS.)

SCHEMER

I gotta put one up there. I hate
gaps.

MATT AND TANYA

No!

SCHEMER

I'm gonna need some help on this
one. I know just the guy.

(HE EXITS. THE KIDS RUN OVER TO STATION HOUSE.)

MATT

Mr. Conductor! Quick!

(MR. CONDUCTOR EMERGES FROM HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Did I hear my name mentioned?

TANYA

Schemer's going to cover up your
house!

MR. C.

Without asking my permission?

Cheeky fellow, isn't he?

TANYA

I wish we could stop him. But we
can't do anything around here.

MATT

Yeah. Just dumb little jobs.

MR. C.

I thought we talked about that
bit. There's no such thing as a
dumb little job. Here, do you
want you see how important a
little job can be? Try looking
behind the Anything Door, then.

Link

MATT
(going to Door)

What is it this time?

(HE OPENS DOOR -- INSERT: ACQUIRED FOOTAGE:
LIGHTBULB FACTORY.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: WE SEE SCHEMER ENTER, AND SEE THE
KIDS REACT TO HIM.)

SCHEMER

C'mon in, Ed. Meet the gang.

(MED CU ON KIDS: WE SEE THEIR WIDE-EYED REACTION,
UNDER --).

SCHEMER (O.S.)

Matt and Tanya. Nice kids. They
got big mouths, but nobody's
perfect.

a different line

MATT AND TANYA
(ad lib awe, shock)

(ANGLE ON SET: ED ON STILTS STRIDES IN.)

ED

So this is the place, eh, Schemer?

SCHEMER

Depressing, huh? You should have
seen it before I put the posters
up.

(INDICATES STATION HOUSE.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Over here's where I need your
help. Think you can slap
something up there?

ED

(walks over and examines it)

Sure. No problem.

(INSERT: MR. C. APPEARS IN DOOR WITH SELTZER BOTTLE,
SPRAYS ED IN FACE, DARTS BACK INSIDE.)

ED (cont'd)

Hey!

(ED REELS TOWARD TICKET BOOTH AS HE WIPES SELTZER FROM
HIS EYES. KIDS STARE AND LAUGH.)

*Establish what
his purpose is*

ED

Very funny, Schemer. You dragged
me in here just for one of your
gags?

SCHEMER

I don't know what that was!

(TO KIDS; ANGRY.)

Okay, who did that?!

MATT

(sweetly innocent)

The little man who lives in the
station house.

(SCHEMER GIVES MATT A LOOK AS TANYA RUNS TO PAPER
TOWELS ON TICKET BOOTH LEDGE AND TEARS ONE OFF.)

TANYA

Here, Ed.

ED

Thanks.

(DRYING OFF, EYES BOOTH).

Say, what is this?

TANYA

That's the ticket booth!

ED

It's kind of nice. All this
stuff...

SCHEMER

(holds up two posters, both awful)

Yeah. Gorgeous. Look, Ed, which
do you like better?

ED

This whole wall is one big picture?

MATT

It's called a mural.

(HE STRIDES OVER TO LEFT-HAND WALL, TRIES TO PEER AT
CRACKS BETWEEN POSTERS, THEN TAKES CORNER OF POSTER IN
HAND AND --).

ED

Schemer, mind if I have a look?

(-- HE PEELS POSTER BACK (OR UNPINS IT) TO EXAMINE
WALL.)

SCHEMER

Hey! I bought you here to help
put 'em up, not take 'em down!

ED

This is great! I love these
old-time paintings!

(STACY ENTERS FROM PLATFORM WITH NEW BUCKET OF WATER,
AT FIRST NOT SEEING WHAT'S GOING ON, CHATTERING.)

STACY

Sorry I took so long. But that
sink needs a new handle--

(SHE STOPS, MOUTH OPEN, AND SEES: ED, POSTERS ALL OVER MURAL, SCHEMER GLOWERING, ETC.)

SCHEMER

Uh-oh. . .

STACY

Schemer, take these down!

MATT

Aunt Stacy, this is Ed.

STACY

That's a short name for a tall
person.

(REACHES UP TO SHAKE HANDS; CAN'T?)

STACY (cont'd)

Stacy Jones. I'm the manager.

ED

This place is very interesting.
It's got a certain feel to it...

(NOTICES PLATFORM; POINTS TO IT.)

ED (cont'd)

Say, wait a minute. What's out
there?

MATT

That's where the trains come.

ED

Real trains? Gee, you know, I've
never been on a real train. Where
do they go?

STACY

(runs behind ticket booth)

You name it.

ED

Um... St. Louis?

STACY

(as she prepares ticket)

Coming up! But won't it have to
be a pretty tall train?

ED

Not really.

(STEPS OUT OF STILTS.)

ED (cont'd)

Ta-da! Round trip!

(CU: MATT AND TANYA REACT AS THEY REALIZE HIS SECRET.)

STACY

Come on, I'll show you the
platform.

(THEY EXIT, ED CARRYING STILTS UNDER HIS ARM.)

SCHEMER

Terrific. Now I gotta go find
another guy on stilts!

why? — to reach those posters?

(HE EXITS. MR. C. PEEPS OUT OF STATION HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Is he gone?

MATT

Good shot, Mr. Conductor!

MR. C.

I hope he wasn't too upset. But I
didn't want him papering over my
house. I'd be trapped in there --
and you'd never hear about what
happenend when the trains went on
strike.

*would
follow*

TANYA

I forgot! Did they go back to
work?

MR. C.

Not exactly. . .

(DISSOLVE TO THOMAS EPISODE #16 -- "TROUBLE IN THE
SHED").

(DISSOLVE TO INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- HARRY IS
TINKERING. MATT AND TANYA ENTER, GO UP AND STAND
SILENTLY NEAR HIM. HARRY HUMS TO HIMSELF A BAR, THEN
SENSES KIDS , STOPS, LOOKS AT THEM.)

follow up to #16

HARRY

Afternoon.

(-- AND HE RESUMES HUMMING AND WORKING.)

TANYA

Grandpa? You know those big
sticks you stand on?

HARRY

Big sticks? Stand on 'em? Sounds
like something you saw in a dream.

TANYA

Those big sticks. You stand and
walk around on them to be tall.

HARRY

You mean stilts. What about 'em?

POLLY

Can you make us some?

HARRY

No.

(HE GOES BACK TO WORK, BUT THE CHALLENGE NAGS AT HIM.)

HARRY (cont'd)

'course, I can show you how to
make a close approximation. Kind
of like elevator shoes.

MATT

Wow! do they go up and down?

HARRY

Not quite. You do.

(HE MOTIONS FOR THEM TO WAIT. HE GETS FOUR COFFEE CANS, WITH PLASTIC TOPS, A BALL OF TWINE, AND A CENTER PUNCH.)

HARRY

Actually, you can't do this.

Grown-up has to do it. But it's
easy. You get some empty cans
with tops, punch holes in the tops
like so. ^w . . and just tie 'em on
your feet with string.

?
p.p.p.
with anything sharp

(HE DOES SO, TYING TWO TO TANYA'S FEET. SHE STANDS AND CLOMPs AROUND.)

TANYA

I feel like an ~~astronaut~~ Thanks,
Grandpa!

a skyscraper

(-- AND SHE HEADS FOR THE DOOR.)

MATT

(eager, itching)

Um... Harry, could you--

(HARRY CALMLY MOTIONS FOR HIM TO SETTLE DOWN, AND STARTS TO MAKE A PAIR FOR HIM.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET -- TANYA AND MATT CLOMP AROUND NEAR THE NICKELDEON, AS STACY ENTERS FROM PLATFORM.)

STACY

Let's go, you guys. We have to
finish cleaning up.

MATT

Come on, Aunt Stacy. We're taking
a break.

STACY

Finish the job, and you can have a
break for the rest of the day.

TANYA

Do we have to?

STACY

No. You can look in the
nickelodeon instead.

(KIDS CLOMP EAGERLY OVER TO IT. STACY LOOKS SLY, THEN
RESUMES WORK. KIDS START NICKELODEON--).

(CUT TO MUSIC VIDEO.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: MATT IS BUFFING FINAL BENCH, TANYA
FINISHES POLISHING INFO DESK, STACY FINISHES MOPPING,
AS SCHEMER ENTERS, STANDS AT INFO. DESK.)

dance with cans on feet

SCHEMER

So. Lots of customers see the
signs?

(ALL THREE SHAKE HEADS NO.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Maybe a couple?

(AGAIN ALL SHAKE NO.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

One?

(ALL THREE STOP WORK, LOOK AT HIM, SHAKE HEADS NO.)

STACY

And you said business was going to
triple.

SCHEMER

So, I exaggerated to make a point.

(STOPS, EXAMINES INFO. DESK.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Hey, this is nice. When'd you get
it?

STACY

Schemer, that's the Information
Desk. It's been here for fifty
years. — you just never noticed it ~~when it was~~

SCHEMER

*dirty until it was
clean*

This? This this? It looks
great! What'd you do to it?

MATT

We cleaned it.

TANYA

Matt washed it and I polished it.

SCHEMER

You guys did a heck of a job. In fact this whole place looks terrific. Almost as good as the Arcade.

STACY

Thanks.

SCHEMER

But it's like I always say: the Little jobs, the clean up jobs, the polishing and mopping jobs -- that's what's important. So. Who's gonna help me take down the posters.

MATT

Really?

SCHEMER

I been thinking about it. The Arcade's a class joint. All these signs -- too tacky. It doesn't look nice.

KIDS

Yaaay!

STACY

Boy, Schemer, I was afraid next
you'd want to do them all in neon! *signs*

SCHEMER
(stunned, inspired)

Huh? Wait. Say that again.

(STACY GROWS APPREHENSIVE, URGENTLY WAVES THE KIDS TO
PULL DOWN THE POSTERS. THEY RUN OVER AND DO SO, AS--)

(MUSIC UP, OVER -- SCHEMER AND STACY MIMING ARGUMENT
OVER HER "SUGGESTION." SHE TRIES TO DENY IT, HE GETS
MORE AND MORE EXCITED, UNDER --)

(FINAL CREDITS.)